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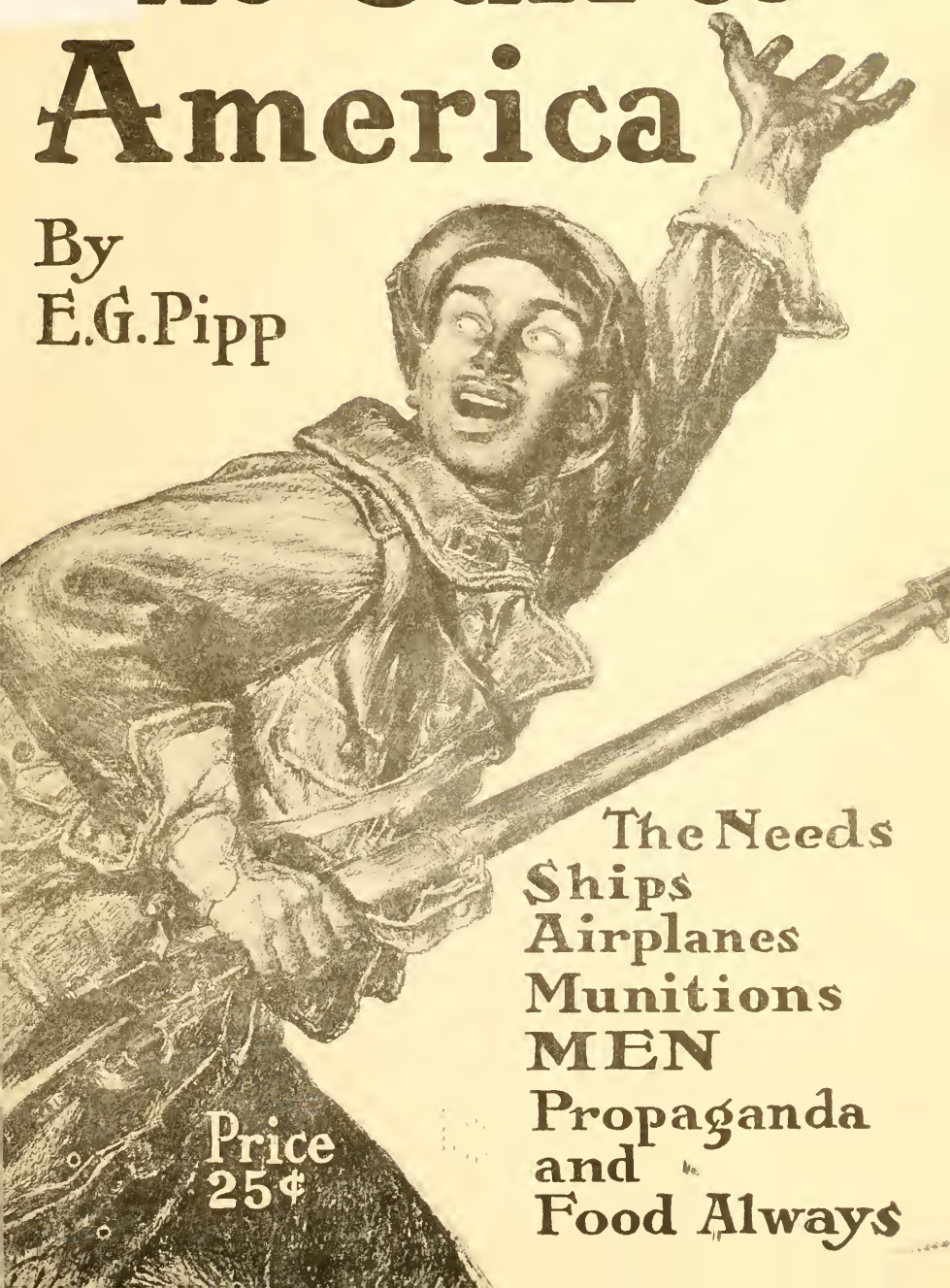
The Call to America

By
E.G.Pipp



The Needs
Ships
Airplanes
Munitions
MEN
Propaganda
and
Food Always

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25¢

From an Etching by Paul Mansard

THE SOMME

With the falling of each twig a man fell; with the breaking of each bough a home was broken. The artist shows what was left of the wood at the edge of the Somme battlefield; those who fought and fell have gone beyond, but their cause lives.

Introduction

Since my return from Europe, where I went this year to make a study of war conditions, I have made over forty public talks, trying to bring the war home to the people, and to show the vital part each toiler at home takes in the great struggle.

This booklet is sent out for the same purpose, is made up of these talks and other facts a part of which I have written before.

E. G. PIPP.

Detroit, Mich., 1918.

"The Call to America"

BY E. G. PIPP

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The Call to America

What word can be given to the father or mother who has seen a son march away to war?

What can be said to the parent who has tossed open-eyed until dawn, wondering how it all would end?

What message can go to him or to her who has spoken cheerful words when tears were welling, who has seen the empty chair, who has walked into silence where once there was a son's voice?

Brave fathers and mothers are they who have given up a million sons to risk their all in the struggle for world decency. Uncomplaining they go their way, but in the still of the night there come thoughts.

In a London restaurant a young wife was serving at the tables. A man in khaki came in—her husband. He extended a hand, and she pressed it in both of hers.

The husband had offered his services in the early days of the war, but was rejected as physically unfit. But now—now England needs men to help hold the lines. So, what if this man has one bad eye? He can level a gun with the other. What if his form is not robust? His head has overcome that before and can again.

There they stood and talked in hushed voices—husband and wife, hand in hand, the scene too sacred for any thought of impatience on the part of the waiting guests.

Then she kissed him, and patted his shoulder encouragingly as he left. She watched him descend the stairs, a quiver coming to her chin and lips. She asked another maid to take up the work of serving her tables and disappeared into a cloak room. When she came out, her eyes were wet, but her head was erect, her step firm, her whole bearing one of resolution.

And so it is that brave young wives of America shed their tears in the secret of their closets as do the no less brave wives of Britain and the equally brave wives of France.

And what can there be in a message for them?

We all love peace, but we are at war.

Can aught be gained by glossing over war when we are in the conflict?

We are not a people who must deceive ourselves into the thought that ours is a mere game when the instruments of play are rifle and bayonet, machine gun and bomb.

He is best armed who knows his task.

Ours is a people of that stern mettle that can look Grim War straight in the face and buckle in for that long, hard winning fight that will beat him down.

It must be so, for we have entered and there is no turning back. Our people may not have been a unit for entering the war, but we are and must continue a unit for pushing it to a right finish and an honorable peace.

It must be so, for this is more than a war for the life of a nation. This is a war for keeping pure the life blood of all nations, which flows in honor among peoples, in keeping sacred the given word, in ending world brigandage and in cheating a ruthless military spirit of its unholy reward.

Wars of nations are won by pitting men against men—justice of cause, numbers, equipment, food, skill, relative position, staying quality, unity of action; these count.

How stands it, then, with our boys over seas and those to follow? Which means, how stands it with our people as a nation? Which means, how stands it with the stars and stripes and all they have meant to a free people? Which means, how stands it with England, proud mistress of the sea? Which means, how stands it with France and other nations in the conflict? Which means, how stands it with world civilization? Shall its future be built in the arts of peace, swayed by love in the heart, resting its hope in fertile valleys, humming industry, peaceful firesides, or shall it wear helmet and spur, riding the steed of hatred, pushing its way with the thrust of the bayonet?

How it stands with these depends largely on how it stands with Americans at home.

Our people must understand the enemy they have to fight; they must understand, too, the strength of our allies, and that which we must supply to make the winning sure.

The great conflict centers in the western front; there rages the struggle of peoples who love the arts of peace against a people who would rule by the sword.

The Seed and Fruit of German Militarism

In 1809, when Napoleon Bonaparte was having things very much his own way in Europe, he whipped Prussia, took a large portion of Prussian territory and about half of the Prussian subjects away from the Prussian sovereign, and, finding the rulers still very much inclined toward militarism, prescribed limits to their army, to which Prussia agreed because she had to.

The agreement was that Prussia should not have an army of over 42,000 men. Prussia lived up to that agreement to the letter, but—

Even in that early day Prussia showed her ability to wriggle out of an agreement that was distasteful to her, and she did not live up to the spirit of it. She did not maintain an army of over 42,000 men at any one time—that is an active army—but she kept men in until they were well trained; then they went out and others went in for training, and so it was until a very large portion of the male population was drilled and ready for action should necessity arise.

The military policy inaugurated then has been maintained to this day, as has the policy of the rulers—they bend their morals to the personal desires, and, taking the other half of the step, violate agreements in letter as well is in spirit.

That Prussian military spirit did not subside or even lie dormant. When others thought they had it paralyzed, it still thrived. In 1848, it had become so strong that many Germans themselves rebelled against it, and left the country rather than submit to its advocates. Hundreds of thousands of others left later.

In 1871 this military spirit was even stronger, and it was then that the Germans reaped the great harvest of their policy, wresting Alsace and Lorraine from France.

And it is this same military spirit that the world faces today.

Stronger, more arrogant, grown selfish, cold and brutal, militarism is trying to fasten itself on the remainder of the world, to the profit of the one nation that became an armed camp.

It is the fruit of this militarism that one sees everywhere along the fighting front in Europe, the militarism that menaces America today as it menaces every European country that has fought and is fighting to prevent its spread.

To fully understand all that this war means to us and the problems America has to face—serious problems, more serious than many of us have realized—we must consider the situation in four important phases. They are:

What is it going to take to thoroughly whip Germany?
How much of it can and will England do?
How much of it can and will France do?
How much must America do to finish the job?

GERMAN METHODS OF FIGHTING

We cannot understand what it is going to take to whip Germany unless we know something about the German methods of fighting our men must face, and what there is left of Germany to whip.

In studying war conditions I went into England first, where I observed all the various activities, with the view of watching both men and materials from the recruiting of the men, through the training in all branches, to the battle front and back through base hospitals, hospital ships, and into the general hospitals; also the manufacture of munitions from the factory to the front and back to the salvage plants.

This brought me to the British front in March, the week before the great offensive began. Driving through all the larger cities north of the Somme and through about 75 smaller villages, stopping at scores of places of interest, I had the opportunity of observing all the lines of British defense and of getting something of an understanding of the terrible sacrifice that an army must make in an effort to break through.

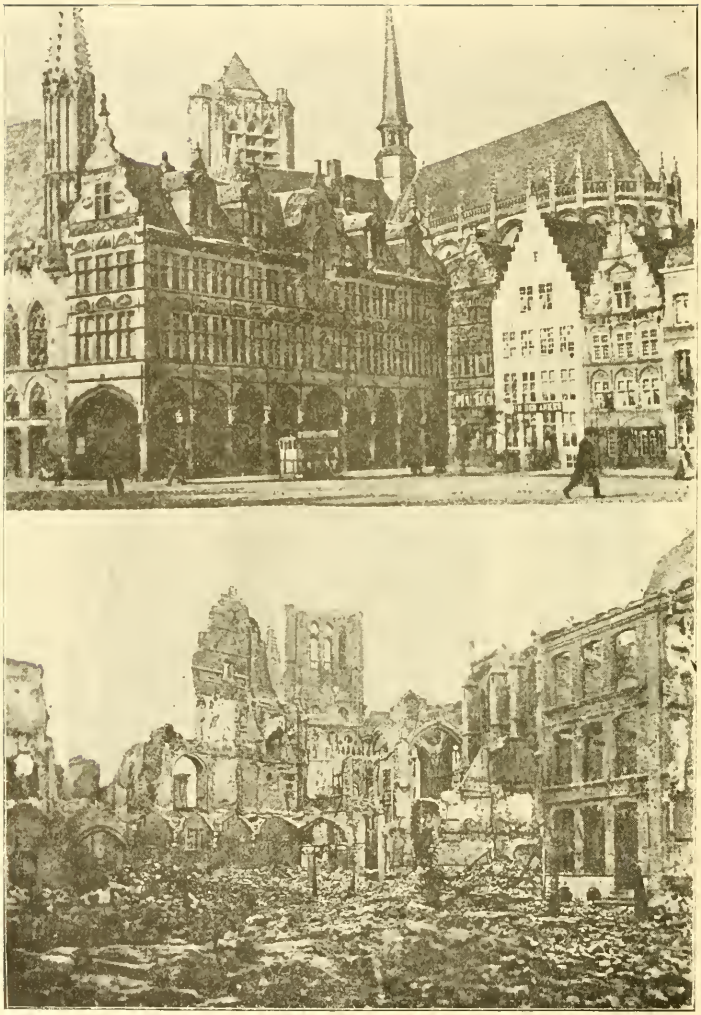
As we walked through the trenches and on into the various lines of defense, the British and German cannon were even then sounding out each others guns and trying to silence the opposition with shell fire. In one place there was constant booming for two hours, the shells flying

over our heads with a whiz-z-z and a whir, but we were in no great danger, for the shells were aimed far enough in front and back of us to pass safely over us. At times we stood by cannon as they were fired at the enemy.

Everywhere was seen desolation. In Belgium and in many parts of France, the ground was all shell holes, pitted in so thick that they lapped into each other, and all were filled with muddy water, stranded tanks, cannon, shells, dead horses, helmets, bayonets, barbed wire, and wrecked trucks. Here and there was the body of a German soldier that probably had been buried with boots and uniform on but had been blown to the surface again by the explosion of shells.

ARRAS

In this row of buildings, there was left one inhabitant, the Little Old Woman of Arras. She had lived here all her life and refused to be driven out by German shells and bombs. Her bright smile and cheery words, her enthusiasm, her grit were an inspiration to the soldiers quartered in the cellars of Arras. Her spirit and her determination were imparted to them, and one cannot help but think of her in connection with Arras. When looking at the map it is seen that in the big drive of this year the line bent north of Arras and it bent south of Arras, but Arras did not yield. We too can be helpful, as she was helpful. We can send encouraging words to the boys over there, letting them know that we are grateful for their efforts; and we can give encouragement to the toilers in munition plants at home, letting them understand that we appreciate faithful service, for much depends on it.



YPRES (in Belgium)

The Nieuwerk before and after the Germans declared a treaty a scrap of paper.

The Drive for Amiens

The cities along the British line of front were masses of tumbled down stone, and brick, and mortar. Shells had done their work everywhere. Hunt the cathedral in any of those cities and you would find wreckage every time. Not only cathedrals, but buildings of every kind were in ruins. Now and then enough of cellars would be left to afford a place of refuge for soldiers quartered there.

It was over this devasted territory that the Germans proposed to make their drive for Amiens.

A study of the map will readily disclose their purpose. The German line was about 40 miles east of Amiens. This city is an important railway center, and to capture it would enable the Germans to cut the British army of the north off from the army of the south and prevent communication between the army of the north and the French, Americans, and British south of the Somme.

Viewing the lines of defense, the cannon, howitzers, wire entanglements and trenches of the British, one would not think it possible for any human mind to exist so cold-blooded, and with so little regard for life as to attempt to push human flesh against steel to the extent required to break through. For every gain there must be a price, there must be a measurement of loss of life against ground gained. Men of experience and sanity can figure in advance to something of a certainty as to what the cost will be, and no general in the British, French or American army has been found so reckless of human life, so steeped in military heartlessness, as to be willing to pay the price that Germany paid, or willing to order the death of their own men as Germany ordered in the drive for Amiens.

History records that when Napoleon was nearing his finish, when it was regarded that his mind was becoming somewhat degenerate, he spent his military resource, the lives of his men, with just such profligacy as was shown by the Germans in the year 1918.

The Kaiser himself came to the western front to make this battle his battle. Intrigue had won in Russia, but intrigue could not fool the British, nor treachery touch

them; militarism must prevail for Germany at all cost; the rulers must make another showing, whatever the loss in life to the men in the ranks, who with their ancestors had had training of over a century in nothing but taking orders.

And so on the twenty-first day of March, the blow was struck, the British resolute, determined, believing they could hold the line, the German generals striking with that madness and recklessness that comes of desperation.

Hundreds of thousands of men had been moved from the Russian front to help in the struggle. Smoke screens were thrown up to hide the movements from the observation balloons and airplanes; some of the screens had been thrown up as early as the week before when we were there. The German guns coughed harder, louder and more often. The coughing and barking of guns and the whizzing of shells made that which we heard the week before seem like child's play. The Germans were shooting over their own line of trenches into the first line of British defense. That is the method of starting an offensive.

The German men in their own trenches had been dressed in new uniforms, had been made to drink rum and ether so that they would be reckless and in a frame of mind to face any ordeal. The captains had not even been trusted with the information that their men were being marched to slaughter. At a given time the captains were to open written orders, and at another given time the heavy guns were to change their range from the first line of British defense to the second, and it was then that the Germans were to make the rush from their trenches to the first line of the British.

To the surprise of the British, and to the surprise of humanity, the Germans came in solid mass formation, the same formation that Napoleon used in his last desperate struggles. Many of the British had been killed in the barrage, but others were there hanging on with true British grit.

As that wave of Germans, a solid mass, came across the land between the British and German trenches, the heavy guns of the British opened on them. They had but to fire. They could not miss the enemy. The Germans sank to their death by thousands before those guns. But the war-mad managers behind those German soldiers had planned

for just such a slaughter of their own men. With the death struggles of the first wave of Germans, came a second, uniforms new, hearts beating fast, and brains borne up with the stimulus of rum and ether. They, too, went down before the terrific fire of the same British guns.

The third wave of men came and a third wave of men died.

Thousands more came in the fourth wave, and were piled dead above the bodies of their comrades.

So it went, wave after wave, the German generals determined to make "the kaiser's own battle" a victory by wearing out the British guns with German human flesh.

The British gunners actually became heart-sick with killing the poor beings who marched to their death on the orders of their own cruel generals.

When the ninth wave of men had come and died, the cannon in the first line of British defense became so hot that they could not be fired any more. The gunners took off the breech locks and retired to the second line of defense.

On came the tenth wave of Germans, there to meet the fate of the nine that had gone before. On came others, sacrifices to the will of an autocracy determined to fasten on the rest of the world the same militarism that made these subjects give up their lives.

But the German generals had more men to feed into the barrage of the second line of British guns, and they fed them; fed them until more British gunners were sickened by the sight and fired more from duty than hatred—except such hatred that must arise in men, with red blood and with human hearts, for generals who will make such a sacrifice of human life.

So human flesh wore down more steel; men paid the toll with their lives until more British guns became too hot to be fired. Wave after wave and column after column perished before defense after defense. Stalwart men brought from the Russian front, old men forced into the service, mere boys in their teens, gave up their lives to the god of war; militarism was showing off at its best and at its worst.

At a terrible cost of life, human beings wore down the last line of British defense, and German troops, shattered

and weary, but still buoyed by remaining effects of the stimulants, bore on to the west, even past Albert, and dangerously close to the coveted goal, Amiens.

And there they were when we returned to that city on the fifth day of the battle, the day of great slaughter, the day on which it seemed to many that they might succeed, but the very day on which they were stopped in the open. It was with the effects of the ether and rum gone, that the men, weary and worn, who had passed trench, cannon, and entanglement were brought to a halt where there were no entrenchments, were brought to a halt and held, held until reinforcements could come, held by the valiant British until the brilliant French troops could reach them.

Let us pause here for a thought. If the German generals and the German military party will sacrifice their own men, as they surely did sacrifice them, to gain a point in strategy, what would they do to America and our allies if they should gain a final victory in the war? We should think of that when it comes to aiding our government and the auxiliary workers in their efforts to carry on the struggle to a right victory, to a right and lasting peace.

BOMBING WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT AMIENS

We left Paris at 11 o'clock on the Tuesday evening following the opening of the great battle on the western front. We were on our way to London.

Unable to cut off the railway communication at Amiens with their land forces, the Germans had sent airplanes over to blow up the railway station and tracks, to interrupt the traffic. Bombs had been dropped in many places. One hit the train that left Paris four hours ahead of us, and another had hit the track just in front of us, so that when dawn came we were stranded about three miles from Amiens.

Looking out of the window we could see airplanes flying back and forth, singly, in pairs and in threes or fours.

All along the highways people were fleeing before the onrush of the Germans. Women and children had gathered what few belongings they could convey and were walking along the road and pathways, trying to reach the station, hoping to go somewhere, anywhere, that would afford

safety. They used wheelbarrows, baby carts, toy wagons—anything with wheels that would carry a load, large or small.

As the morning wore on, passengers began to leave the train. One man, with important papers that he didn't want the Germans to get, caught a train back to Paris, planning to reach London by way of Havre; we were going by way of Boulogne.

Hunger came with the noontime, so we left the train to hunt food, which we found after a walk of about two miles. A house had been abandoned and with it some bread and a dish of salmon which we appropriated.

It was while on this road to Amiens that we were brought to a realization of what the Germans really had done. I had been in the city two weeks before. It was occupied by women and children and old men. Statistics show that in 1906 it had a population of 78,000. The streets on the first visit were clean and orderly, the people well housed, feeling safe, forty miles from the battle front. But on this day in March all was different. Fifty German airplanes had dropped 200 bombs on the city, blowing up homes and store buildings, killing women, children and old men.

Added to the population of two weeks before were wounded soldiers and Red Cross nurses. We could see many of the men brought from the front being carried to the station on stretchers, to be taken further back to French or British hospitals.

By the roadside we saw about sixty soldiers resting. They were in khaki and carried packs, and they appeared weary and worn. A British officer told us that they had been in a hospital nearer the front; that an ambulance had gone over and taken out the patients who were unable to walk, and that these, so far recovered as to be nearly ready for their discharges, had walked several miles to get away from the German forces. I did not learn what became of the hospital itself.

Beside a house with the roof gone and part of a wall blown in, stood a woman with a babe wrapped in a shawl. She looked about, bewildered, dazed. She could not enter the home, for it was in ruins; besides, there was every likelihood of more bombs being dropped. She motioned frantically at a man in a passing horse cart, but the vehicle was crowded and he heeded not. She crossed the street, sank by the roadside and hugged the babe closely to her breast.

And the German Kaiser calls on God and man to witness the glory of his arms.

We went back to our train but found it had gone. Again we hurried through the scenes of terror and devastation to the station, three miles away, hoping to catch the train there.

Two weeks before, when I wanted to enter the station and take a train for Paris, I had to show my American passport, my British white pass, have an officer vouch for me and give the ticket agent the exact fare. This time the ticket agent had left, the guard and porters were missing; little remained but chaos.

The only thing systematic about the whole place was the orderly manner in which men were carrying in stretchers bearing the wounded from the front and placing them on a Red Cross train in the station.

We soon guessed that our train had not been able to pass through the railroad yards, so we walked into the station and along about two miles of tracks to find it. There were six or eight tracks in the yards and we passed from one to another, climbing over trains and through cars to make sure we were not missing ours. The glass was shattered in every car we saw; bombs thrown over the area had worked the havoc.

Many refugees had come into the yard and had piled on cars to which no engine was attached, as if hoping by some chance an engine would come along and take them somewhere, anywhere, to safety. There were old women and young women, old men and children, huddled together, fearful lest the wrath of the German hordes should overtake them. We went through these scenes for over two miles and found our train about a half mile from where we had left it.

With a war on, the Germans had a perfect right, according to the rules of international warfare, to bomb that railway station, to blow up the tracks, for it was through that station and on those tracks that men, munitions and food were sent from the south to supply the army of the north, and an army has a right to cut off the reinforcements and supplies of an enemy army; but there can be no rule of humanity or decency, no right of any kind in law or precedent that would permit the Germans to send over airplanes, and bomb women, children, old men, wounded soldiers and nurses who were in Amiens that night.

German Man Traps

In some cities occupied by the Germans after the big battle of the Somme and before Hindenburg's famous voluntary retreat, there was any amount of evidence of buildings being deliberately blown to pieces. One could easily tell the difference between the irregular hits by shell fire and the systematic blowing out of the fronts of buildings on entire streets.

When the Germans withdrew from one city after the first battle of the Somme, they blew the front out of buildings with such system and thoroughness that it appeared as though some one had come along with a huge cleaver, trying to chop off the front half of each building.

After the battle, the Germans possessed this city, and, while some of the buildings showed the result of shell fire in battle, there was plenty of evidence of deliberate wrecking, of explosives having been placed in an entire row of three-story stone buildings—used for stores on the first floors, and dwellings on the second and third floors—and discharged with ruinous effect. This was done just before Hindenburg's famous voluntary retreat, after which the French came back to their city.

In this city the French found one building intact. It was their city hall. Of course, they conjectured, and were even generous enough to ascribe to the German generals some fine sentiment for having left their public building, even when they wrought ruin all about it. The mayor and others gathered to celebrate. They opened the door and stepped upon the threshold. There was a terrific explosion, and people and building were blown to pieces. There was very little even of the cellar walls left. Bombs had been placed in the building and wire attached to the threshold, with the result seen.

In a residence a bouquet of flowers was left for those who returned. To it a string was attached, and when the bouquet was lifted there was an explosion with death and wreckage following.

In another building a bust of the kaiser was left; that to prove a German joke on the British. The retreating foe must have felt certain that when English troops saw that bust some soldier would grab it and dash it to the floor. But the British had become cautious by this time. They had a German prisoner, who was familiar with the city, and they told him to go in first and pick up the bust. He refused. Then they retired to a distance and took a shot at the Kaiser. The bust flew off the pedestal, and with it came the explosion that wrecked the building.

NESLE

This shows the entrance to the city of Nesle as it was after earlier battles and before the struggles of this year.

Bombing London

London is always warned when German airplanes cross the English channel. A watch is always kept at the coast. As soon as the word gets to London, whistles are blown, lights are put out; the city, already darkened, is made darker, and people seek safety wherever they can.

The German airplanes usually come over in fleets of six, seven or eight. They come up the Thames river and locate London by counting bridges that cross the river. As the planes approach, London puts up a curtain of shrapnel fire about the city. That is, many big guns, powerful enough to shoot two or three miles in the air, are kept in certain positions and fired constantly, so long as the enemy planes are hovering near. The guns are not aimed at the planes, but so many of them are fired that it is almost impossible for a plane to get over the city without being hit. Most planes find the fire so hot that the pilots turn back, but frequently one or two get through and do their damage.

It is said, and the authority seemed good, that it cost London $100,000 for powder and shells every time they have to fight off German airplanes, and a fight takes place on nearly every clear, moonlight night. There is a constant booming of the guns of defense for two or three hours at a time.

Zeppelins quit coming some time ago, because the British invented a shell that would set the Zeppelin on fire. So long as British shells merely punctured the bottoms of the Zeppelins the Germans didn't mind, but with the inflammable shell, they restrict their raids to the airplanes.

The object of these airplane raids is to terrorize the British women and children with the hope of bringing England to a German peace.

They do terrorize many of the women and children, but the effect is directly opposite that sought by the raiders, for it only leads the British people to resent the inhuman type of warfare; makes them fight the harder to down the militarism that orders it. More than that, it helps to arouse all Christendom against the brutal warfare of Germany.

Four of these raids were made in the four weeks that I was in London. In three of them an airplane got through, and each time women and children were killed.

It is probably true that the Germans try to hit definite objects in their flight, but the difficulty in aiming well can be realized if you can imagine yourself on a fast flying express train on the edge of a precipice, trying to throw a missile from a car window to hit an object in a canyon two miles below you.

The man in the bomb-throwing airplane is flying at the speed of at least eighty or ninety miles an hour. The British guns keep him something like two miles above the city, possibly more. It is always night time when he comes, and he has to locate his objects by their distance from the river and their proximity to the bridges, which appear as mere streaks across the silvery thread of the river. But hit the object sought or miss it, their bombs come and usually with deadly effect on others than those aimed at. That weight of wire and metal and explosives falling two miles or more will go through any building that it hits, and a single bomb will wreck a building 60 feet square. One bomb hit a hospital, killing a mother and her child, and injuring the doctor in charge. Another hit a motor bus carrying 40 persons, and there was little left of bus or passengers.

During one raid I went to the top of a building at the outskirts of London to watch the explosion of the shells. There were constant flashes as they burst high up, scattering their pieces of steel and driving back the raiders.

There is always danger in London from falling shrapnel while the raid is on, for the shells are fired to fill the air, let the pieces fall where they may. This makes it dangerous to be on the strets, and very few people can be seen going about. Women and children in their fright go to the subways, seeking refuge on the platforms of the underground stations or in the moving trains. Hundreds of thousands were seen during one raid, huddled together awaiting the "All clear" signal so they could return to their homes with safety.

Germany is as stupid as she is cruel in this method of warfare, for it demonstrates that she does not understand the British character at all, failing absolutely in the object sought.

Paris was not very excited, but deeply interested—also puzzled. It was on a Saturday morning in March.

French airplanes were flying over the city, darting to the right and to the left, going in bird circles, flying high and flying low, acting as no other airplanes had been seen to act in the war zone.

And the bombs continued to drop on the city.

Some of the French people had taken to the cellars and subways for safety, as some always do when an air raid is on. Others gathered on the street corners or went about their business. As we stood on the pavement and watched the airplanes, we could feel the nervous tension of the aviators, transmitted in the very movement of their machines as they sought in vain to locate the German airplanes which they and we supposed were dropping the bombs.

Then two things were observed: the bombs were dropping with a regularity that was soon measured at 15 minutes between bombs, and there was a sound to the explosion different from any heard before.

There were some clouds above the city, and a theory was advanced that the Germans had found a way of flying above the clouds, out of reach of French airplanes, but the regularity of the explosions soon set that thought aside.

Then pieces of the flying missles were found, which disclosed the fact that shells and not bombs were being used—shells that had been sent a long distance from a gun.

The thought that perhaps a traitor had permitted a German gun to get through the lines and shell Paris from a distance of 20 miles was being discussed, when the prime minister came out with the statement that the Germans had invented a long range gun and were sending shells into Paris from a distance of at least 62 miles.

"An alibi for not being able to locate the German airplanes," said an American newspaper correspondent.

"Don't you think it," said another, who was just in from the front, and who had observed cannon fire much of the time since the beginning of the war.

The argument continued until an artillery expert entered and proved to his own satisfaction and the satisfaction of some of the others that it was absolutely impos-

sible to send a shell 62 miles. But the shells kept on coming.

The next morning in one branch of the American military service, I was told that the gun had been located back of the German lines; that the shells were being sent 20 miles in the air, coming all that distance and dropping on the city; that the department was being telephoned every time the gun was fired, and that the shells were dropping every 15 minutes. One could hold his watch and listen, and the bang would come in the 15 minutes, almost to a second.

Then toward noon (it was on Sunday) the shells began to drop every seven and a half minutes. The Germans were evidently using two guns, alternating in the fire. After lunch, the intervals again were 15 minutes, and it was concluded that the first gun had become too hot to fire, and that the Germans were finishing out the day's entertainment with the second gun. The firing ended at 3:40 o'clock.

We went about the city that afternoon to observe the effect of the shelling on the French people.

It was a spring-like day. The people thronged the boulevards and the main streets; many were in the wide streets; they sat about the tables in front of the restaurants, and of course all were discussing the new German method of attempting to terrorize women and children. Some talked seriously about it, others were puzzled, while still others joked.

People were killed on each day of the shelling, but no great number. Later, on Good Friday, the German god of war reaped a greater harvest. We had left the city by that time, but we were told in London that the 75 persons killed in a certain church had not been killed by the explosion of the shell that hit the church. The diameter of the shell sent was figured at nine inches, that conclusion having been reached by completing a circle from fragments of the shell. The weight was estimated at more than 300 pounds. When that shell came down its 20 miles and hit the roof of the church, it broke a beam and caused a large part of the roof to cave in, killing 75 persons and injuring more than 100.

The plan failed absolutely in its object, for instead of inclining the French to sue for a German peace the effect was directly opposite. It inclined them only to fight the harder.

German Prisoners of War

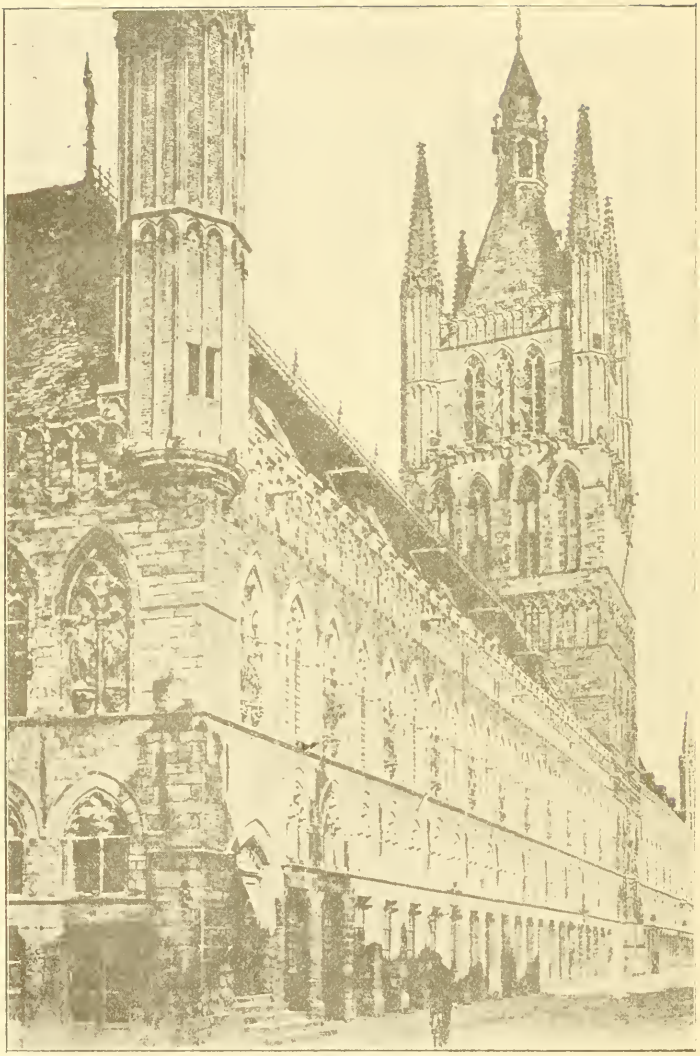
It is impossible to get back of the German lines to learn the composition of the German army, but it is not impossible to learn something of that army. This was done by seeing a great many men and boys from the army in prison camps in England and France.

Not far from London there is a camp for German officers who have been captured by the British. As we approached this camp, we saw 40 men in the blue-gray uniform of Germany, marching along the roadside for exercise. These men were permitted to take the exercise outside the guarded camp on their honor to return and to make no trouble for the three unarmed British officers who accompanied them. They lived up to this pledge. Besides having given their word, they must have realized that it would be difficult to get out of England should they attempt to make a break for liberty. They were not permitted, however, to go near any city or village.

The camp itself was surrounded by barbed wire entanglements and watched over by guards with rifles. There were 300 German officers in the camp when we visited it, and enough private soldiers, also German prisoners of war, to act as their orderlies.

We were first taken into a room the size of a small church. There was a platform in one end and benches in the body of the room. On the platform was a piano, and a young officer was playing. Another was playing a violin, and a third a cornet. Two others were working at easels in another corner.

The men in this room were young, very young for officers. The first one approached, a bright-eyed, kindly faced youth, who said he had entered the army at 16, was then 19, and a lieutenant when captured. His great desire in life was to get back to his studies. Another, no older, wanted to get back to his work as an engraver. Many other young men in the room were under 20, and all officers. One, found to be as old as 21, said that he had entered the Germany army at 15, before the war, but he did not seem to have the German military spirit as we understand it.



YPRES

This is the famous Halles, or cloth market in Ypres, Belgium. The building was begun in 1201 and finished in 1304. This shows the beautiful structure as it stood for five centuries.

YPRES

This shows the little museum place and the famous Halles or cloth market after the bombardment. Ypres had a population of 17,000 and not a single building was left whole.

But the fact that here were a number of boys, very young, all officers when captured—the fact that they were in this camp made it sure they were officers—reveals how pressed Germany is for men. The school boy is pressed into the service and made to carry responsibilities.

But—

In another room were older men—majors, captains, men up to 35 or 40, men steeped in German militarism, men who seemed to be apart from the young men seen in the first room. These older men had books, magazines and newspapers, and were in easy chairs, leisurely smoking and reading.

There could be seen in numbers men whom from their very appearances you would not trust.

One major was approached, and his whole bearing was so pronounced one of deception and falsehood that it was not deemed worth while to waste breath on him. Another talked entertainingly and plausibly. His manner was pleasing, but there was something about it all that would leave one wondering.

"What about him?" was asked an attendant.

"The biggest liar in camp," was the prompt reply.

There was a chapel, a part of the prison camp. In this were two officers, one practicing on a musical instrument, the other working on a lithographing press, printing some poetry about the Rhine.

If the clothing of the men was bedraggled when they were taken prisoners, the British officers made them send home for better uniforms, whole and clean, so that, on the whole, the officers presented a very neat appearance.

They were permitted to receive packages from home, and one of these, being opened while we were there, told eloquently of the conditions in Germany. It had been sent by a mother to her son in the prison camp. The package was about the size of a pasteboard shoe box, and in it were about a dozen very small potatoes, a few pieces of canned meat and other morsels of food. This meagre portion told of a mother's skimping in order to be able to send something to her boy prisoner who, in

reality, was faring very well. Tales were told in Germany of the want among the men in British camps, which led to the sending of this and other boxes, but the fact was and is that the British are living up to international law in caring for enemy prisoners.

There was an agreement made before the war that officers in prison camps should receive 50 cents a day, and England was not regarding that as a dead letter, but was paying the amount to the officers. They had good food, more meat than I had seen in restaurants, plenty of tobacco and cigars, and good quarters.

Another package received by one of the prisoners contained in it a small bottle of white tablets. The British officer who was inspecting all packages laid it to one side. The German officer got a companion to draw the attention of the British officer to another package, and then picked up the forbidden bottle, shoving it into his pocket.

"Put it down," commanded another British officer, not seen until then by the German. "Why do you try to take it when told not to?"

"I am a German officer," said the prisoner. "That was intended for me, and you have no right to withhold from an officer that which is his."

"For that, your mail and packages will be withheld for 30 days," was the reply from a British officer who did not hold the German title in such awe and esteem as the German would have him.

It revealed again the trend of mind that comes with German militarism.

In other prison camps the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers were kept at work on the roads and repairing the salvage gathered on the battle fields and made over for use in future battles.

The private soldiers did not impress one as being up to the average of the French, the British, or the Americans. They appeared to be men who lacked initiative, but who would take orders because they had been used to it all their lives. In a hand-to-hand combat, on the ground or in the air, the British, French and American can best them almost invariably.

THE MERCY CALL OF THE SEA

German warfare has rendered useless the mercy call of the sea.

We all know that the final act which brought America into the war was Germany's declared and executed ruthless warfare on both passenger and freight shipping on the ocean.

International law on destruction of belligerent and neutral shipping is clear and simple—and humane so far as there can be humanity in warfare. The rule provides that before a boat is sunk, the destroyer must rescue the passengers and make them safe; then, under certain rules, it is legal to sink the boat.

But Germany developed the submarine, and submarines can act only as snakes of the sea.

The old rule of warfare, the old agreement, the old pledge of honor, given as men and as nations, did not suit the German method of warfare as applied by the submarines, so honor and the given word had to go, and the Germans deliberately sent boats and passengers to the bottom of the ocean without warning.

But worse than that has been her action.

With the development of wireless telegraphy came the distress call, or mercy call, the S. O. S. call of the sea. A boat in trouble could send up this call and other boats receiving it would rush to their rescue.

Now, as a result of German practice, in crossing the ocean both ways we could receive wireless messages, but we could send out none for fear a Fritz might pick it up and sink the steamer—and he was sinking enough as it was.

Our boat was kept dark at night. No one on deck was permitted to have a flash-light or to smoke a cigar, for fear the light would reveal the steamer's location to some enemy craft. We had to make quick turns on two occasions to get away.

If a steamer hears an S. O. S. call now, the steamer has to continue on its way, heeding not the call. The reason for this, as stated by the officers on the steamer, is that two German submarines had been known to get together, send out a distress call, and then, when a ship came on an errand of mercy, send torpedoes into the ship and destroy it.

When the Kaiser Wants to Be Good

It was not long ago that the German government declared that it had concluded gas warfare to be inhuman, and expressed a desire to enter into an agreement with the allies to do away with that method of killing and inflicting injury upon soldiers during this war.

Germany had started it; that government had sprung a surprise costing the lives of a good many allied soldiers. Then the Allies took it up in self-defense, also inventing gas masks to protect the men in the trenches.

We watched a gas attack demonstration. The gas is carried by the wind, covering the ground like a thick, heavy blanket. It floats along scarcely two feet above the ground, sinking into the trenches as it is carried along.

We also tested the strength of various gases. Going into a room twelve feet square, a small amount was forced into the room from an atomizer no larger than those used for perfumery. It seemed that no more was sent into the room than would be required in perfuming a handkerchief, yet our eyes began to smart and water.

We saw 67 men who had been victims of German gas. They were on a hospital ship. Their eyes, nostrils and lips were sore and swollen. Their lungs pained them as they breathed. They suffered terribly and they were not the worst sufferers among the victims, for some had died and others were still in a condition that made it impossible to move them.

The wind is always necessary in a gas charge. When Germany came out with a desire to agree to use gas no more, the Allies naturally turned to statistics already prepared, and found that the wind in the western front blows so that the Allies can send a gas charge into the German lines several times oftener than the Germans can attack them.

Of course, that was the key to the Kaiser's desire to be good, but that was not the only one.

Later, it became known that Germany is very short of rubber, an article very necessary in making the gas masks that protect the soldiers.

So it is that Germany's inhuman method of warfare has been turned on her and finds her poorly prepared to protect herself.

The Allies find that they are acting only along the line of common sense when they are suspicious every time the Kaiser and his military party make an offer to be good.

THE KAISER AND GLORY

When the German military powers in their clever devilishness and in their devilish cleverness come forward with some new horror in the method of taking human life, the Kaiser comes out with a public statement, and it is always on one theme: he calls on God and man to witness the GLORY of the German arms. If it is bombing women and children of London, if it is shelling the mothers and babes of Paris, if it is spreading poisonous gases; whatever it may be, the Kaiser speaks of glory, glory, glory always. Glory in taking human life!

Other nations think of service; of making the world a better place in which to live; of doing an unpleasant task, that of curbing this military spirit of the Kaiser and his military party. They regret that it is necessary to kill, but the enemy of humanity and world decency is abroad, and civilization must be defended.

The very spirit in which the two sides are fighting marks the difference so clearly that there can be no question as to the right of it, as to where justice is and victory should be.

The British Fleet

While we can rightly feel that we are doing much to help England by sending our troops over to finish up the struggle, we have been and now are under obligations to England for a great protection that we have received and are still receiving.

Off to the north of London is a part of the British fleet, a minor part, we are told. Light cruisers they are in name—great masses of steel, built and manned for fighting in reality.

There they lie at anchor, like dogs chained in restraint, ready to be let loose at a moment's notice. One wonders that there ever was so much floating steel and power and so many guns in the world. One does not wonder that the German navy stays tied in Kiel, afraid to come out, and one breathes thanks for America that the British navy not only stands as a protection for Britain's shores against an invader that now knows no law or rule of decent warfare, but protects also America's shores from the German navy.

Count the cruisers, one does. There is an understanding, however, that figures shall not be published, but let every American breathe easier for that part of the navy, and let each of us, when inclined to think that we are placing Great Britain under certain obligations to us in sending troops over to help in the fight, remember that we are under lasting obligations to Great Britain for the protection she has afforded us with her fleet, ever on the watch in the North Sea.

But the light cruiser squadron is not all, by any means. Farther to the north is reached another and greater part of the North Sea fleet. Battleships, they are. Veterans of the Jutland and of the Dardanelles are there. Luncheon was served on one that came out of the Jutland fight with wounds, but it was not beyond repair. Powerful and great and new, with others, the pride of the British navy is there—the greatest battleship afloat.

To the left the floating fighters are seen, in great numbers and tonnage beyond comprehension. To the right

are more battleships. Farther and farther, and still beyond in the mist are seen the forms of more hulls, more stacks, more protectors of our shores and theirs.

"If the Germans would only stay and fight; if they only wouldn't run," said Durobeck, veteran admiral of the Dardanelles, modest of mien, as he put to sea with his squadron to take up the watch for his land and ours.

BOYS IN THE TRENCHES

A company of British infantry that I saw marching away to the trenches was made up of boys just turning 19 years. England takes in the boys at 18, trains them a year and then sends them to the front. With the coming of American troops there was an agitation in England to send the 18-year-old boys to the trenches with six months' training instead of waiting a full year.

Three companies, seen marching along the Strand for the front, were made up of men from 35 to 40 years old. All over England one notices the absence of young men, of men under 41 and boys over 18. They are either at the front or in training.

It seemed to me that America would have to send at least 10,000,000 to the front before our manhood would be combed as close as it is combed in England.

When America distributed some regiments among the troops of the Allies, that act was followed with an expression for combing England still closer to make sure there was not a single slacker.

The manager of one shell and cannon factory said that he had orders to have 700 of his men ready to go into the service. There were 3,700 men and 800 women working there. I asked him to point out some of the men fit for service from the English viewpoint, and he did. They were mostly men with hair turning gray, 35 to 40, men much older than we have in the service. They were to be replaced by women, it having been demonstrated that women can do efficient work in all lines of munition making.

PLAYING FAIR

When we in America deny ourselves that our allies may have, we can be sure that the sacrifice is appreciated and that England in no way takes advantage of what we do.

Very strict laws have been passed for conserving food over there and they are enforced rigidly.

The object of the British government is so to distribute the food made available that rich and poor shall be served alike. To this end there are laws against hoarding, against any one person purchasing more than the government's allowance, and, to prevent profiteering, the government fixes the price of meat and other necessities.

Gasoline and other war necessities are carefully conserved. In London the number of taxicabs has been reduced, and the fare fixed. Private cars are forbidden to use gasoline, and one sees no pleasure riding in England, and no driving of passenger cars by private individuals except in the government service.

On two occasions when I was going on a tour of inspection as a guest of the government, we were to pass through Hyde Park. Each time the driver asked me to sign a statement showing that the car was sent out by the government. Without this statement a policeman would have stopped us and ordered us to appear in police court. We did not see another car either time in passing through the park. England wants all the gasoline saved to use in transporting men and materials at the front and will not permit its use for private purposes.

PERONNE (Somme)

After deliberately destroying this building and preparing to retreat, the Germans posted a sign, "Do not bewail; but better smile."

British Grit

In England, everywhere, one is impressed with the wonderful spirit of the people, with the indomitable will, with the grit, and the cleverness, yes, cleverness which equals that of the Germans but without the German bragging about it, with the capacity for taking punishment and no whining, with the generosity which talks of the achievements of others when their own are the equal of any.

England has suffered, suffered grievously; the young men have died there by the hundreds of thousands, died in families in all the walks of life. But the spirit of Britain still lives.

I spoke of this loss to an English officer.

"Yes, it is true that our young men have given up their lives for international decency," he said, "but you ought to wait until you get to France. There is where the people have suffered; there is where the ravages of war are felt. The French are brilliant fighters; they take punishment and come back with a dash," and thus he continued, giving credit to others as nearly every Englishman does, when in reality Great Britain has carried a very large share of the burden, and has been the backbone of the war on the part of the allies.

After having visited their fleet, their munition plants and training camps, I remarked to a British colonel that their achievements were great; that they had come out of a condition of unpreparedness and had made great strides.

"Yes, we have finally gotten in shape to do a bit of good work," he said. The man himself had done brilliant work at the front.

"But you Americans are doing things in a big way. You are accustomed to doing things on a large scale. We made many blunders at the beginning, but your people are shrewd enough to study them and profit by them. I think the work of America has been wonderful. Your government achieved great things quickly. You made a great record in the first five months of the war and you are still making it. In those five months America

declared war, passed appropriation bills, passed a conscription law, treating all classes alike, built 16 great cantonments, had them well equipped and ready for use, and had 640,000 soldiers in them. You people may not realize it, but we who were in the early struggle here do realize that it was a wonderful piece of work, and it is a great satisfaction to know that your people as a whole are behind the movement; that you give and give and pay and pay, with ever increasing amounts—and do it freely.

"Some of us were a little impatient because you did not come into the war sooner. We thought that the Lusitania affair should have brought you in, but, as it appears to us now, your president was wiser about it than we were. An army to wage a successful war must have the people at home behind it heart and soul. You people were not a unit for entering the war, and so your president waited until you became a unit, and now the splendid results that mean a sure victory for all of us show that he knew the situation and what was best, better than we did."

Nor was there any evidence anywhere of an effort on the part of the British to "jolly" Americans into carrying Britain's burden. The contrary seemed true to me. Instead of saying, "Let America do it," the spirit seemed to be more, "America has come in, now let us pitch in the harder, make more sacrifices, put in every last man and all together finish up the job as quickly as possible."

FRANCE BLED WHITE

In driving through something more than 75 villages and cities in France, scarcely a man under 45 or a boy over 18 years was seen except in uniform, and very few of them. They are all at the front or in their graves.

France has been bled white. There is no more man power for her to draw on. She still has a good many men at the front, able-bodied and brilliant fighters. Their morale is good, especially since America came into the fight, but whatever additional army strength is needed to give the Germans their final beating must come from America, as far as France is concerned, for she can furnish no more.

What is There of Germany to Whip

The whipping of Germany, the bringing of that ruthless warlike nation to her knees, the establishing of a permanent, right and honorable peace, is a definite, concrete task—a job that must be done.

There are a definite number of soldiers serving in the German army and making ready to serve in the army. There is a definite amount of material at their command for fighting purposes. But whatever the number of men, whatever the amount of munitions, America's task is to supply enough of each to overpower the German army and force that nation to submit to a program of international decency, to the right peace that America with her allies will determine on.

Our duty as a nation is to get as near as we can to a correct estimate of what that power is and then defeat it.

What is there then of the German army to be beaten?

Figures that to me seemed absolutely reliable, figures that were checked over carefully against the statements of other authorities, and which were generally confirmed, showed that at the first of the year Germany had about 7,100,000 soldiers on the western front, or available soon. This does not mean fit soldiers as we in America regard soldiers. It means all of her men in fit condition; it means her boys even to her 1920 class; it means men in hospitals who are likely to recover and return to the ranks, for Germany is including all of these in her army roll. It means, also, almost any sort of a man able to hold and level a gun, be he of inferior physical or mental strength.

Men and boys in prison camps and men and boys captured in the big drives of this year show that Germany is drawing on her male population to the utmost in filling her army. And with these it is probably true that

she had 7,100,000 available the first of the year. It must be remembered, however, that the war to a large extent is being fought now by boys who were only 13 or 14 years old when hostilities commenced four years ago.

But Germany hasn't the 7,100,000 men now.

Up to the first of the year Germany lost about 4,300,000 men. Since then she has probably lost a million more.

In the first half of her drive north of the Somme which began March 21, she lost 375,000 (this is on good authority). With the last half of that drive her total loss for the entire drive went above 500,000. She has been driving in solid mass formation since, and has been paying dearly in life for every foot of ground gained.

One British officer said to me: "It doesn't make so much difference whether the German line is there or over here, but it does make a difference in determining the war how many dead Germans are along the way."

And when one sees the desolate country over which much of the fighting has been done this year, he can get the philosophy of the British viewpoint and wonder why the German generals pay so much in life for so little in ground gained.

When one looks at the map and sees the advance made in the big drives of this year, he does not get an idea of half that has taken place, for he cannot see on the map the death that has been dealt to the German forces while they were making that gain.

A fair estimate of the total loss to Germany in the drives is three-quarters of a million men. That is very conservative.

But that is not the only way in which Germany is losing.

In ordinary trench warfare, when there is no offensive on, no drive, Germany loses about 80,000 men a month. This was stated to me in Paris by a man of the highest authority, and it agrees with the statements of others. Nor is it unreasonable.

Germany's army, if placed along the western front, would have her men and boys every inch of the way three deep, touching elbow to elbow.

The British, the French, the Italians, the Belgians, the Portuguese, and now our own men are hurling trench bombs at the German army every day and night of the week. They have many different methods of sending the bombs, so they can reach any of the German trenches. To get 80,000 Germans a month means only one man a day for each quarter of a mile of trench, and when one sees the opportunities for trench fighting he readily understands the reasonableness of the statement.

That means a million men a year. That means that during this year, with drives and trench warfare, Germany will be reduced to fewer than six million men, boys, and convalescents.

It is this army that must be beaten.

It cannot be said that the morale of the German army is the best. There can be no question that Germany is war weary. The men in the ordinary walks of life are tired of killing and being killed. They know that while theirs have died and are being asked to die the six sons of the Kaiser still have whole skins. But the Germans of high and low caste are still working together in a compact fighting machine, doing the bidding of their war lords; many going forward to be shot simply because they know that to turn back would mean death against a stone wall—or without even waiting to be lined up in that formal fashion.

And it can be put down to a certainty that the Kaiser will have even more trouble among his own people than he has had when it is definitely learned by them how he has sent the sons and fathers to their death; how he has spent human lives with profligacy never known before.

But Germans are submitting and are fighting the fight of the Kaiser, and Germans must be beaten, for ours is an unconquered nation and an unconquered nation it must remain; it is fighting the good fight for justice, for liberty, for international decency.

Overwhelm Germany

The one answer to the millions of fathers and mothers whose sons are over seas or on the way, to the wives whose husbands are in the service, is that the way to save lives is to make our army so great and big and powerful that it can and will overwhelm Germany.

This is costing money, much money, and will cost much more; but the nation should not weigh the cost when so many lives are at stake.

Germany is at war as a nation.

France is at war as a nation.

England is at war as a nation.

And so America must be at war as a nation, man, woman and child.

Germany is at the top of her speed. She is using everything at her command. She is at the limit of her strength, with that strength greatly reduced through the sacrifices of England and France, but with still enough fighting force to inflict a great deal of punishment upon the nation that does not go over with an overwhelming strength.

Our preparation should be so great and so thorough that there will be not the slightest question of a doubt as to what the result will be.

To accomplish this we need:

Ships.
Airplanes.
Munitions.
MEN.
Propaganda.
And Food Always.

Ships

I was told, by a good authority, that for every thousand men we have in France we need 2,000 tons of shipping to keep them supplied in food and munitions.

It it not for us as a people to say, "Let the ship builders do it?" or "Why don't they speed up?" It is for us

to remember that to build ships requires men and materials, requires money from the government, and encouragement to our officials.

It is for each of us to give that encouragement; to let our representatives in Washington know that we approve of a program of building all the ships possible; to let men working in the yards realize that they, as well as the men in the trenches, are a very important part of this war, and that in speeding up their work, in putting in every hour they can at the building of boats, they are doing more than serving themselves; more than merely earning their wages; they are serving the nation by helping to get the soldiers over there and food and munitions with which to supply them.

Airplanes, Munitions and Men

Every man or woman in America working in an airplane plant or in a munition plant is a very vital part of this war.

We have been taught lessons in air fighting, through our experience and the experience of others in France and in Belgium.

No one knows just how the final victory is coming, but every one must know what are essentials to that victory.

There must be men in great number along the battle front. There must be munitions without limit, so many that our fighters will never be without. There must be a rush through.

This rush, however, should not come with the terrible sacrifice the Germans have made in their efforts to break through the western front. With plenty of materials it seems unnecessary that such a sacrifice should be made. We can be grateful that our generals hold life more sacred than to send their men to slaughter as the Germans have done.

If our generals should find a weakening in the German lines at any time, they can be depended on to take advantage of the situation and go through. But if no weakening should be found, it will be possible for our air fighters, when massed in sufficient number and with plenty of swift flying airplanes equipped with machine guns, to force an opening and to make such an attack on the German lines as to scatter them. Then our land

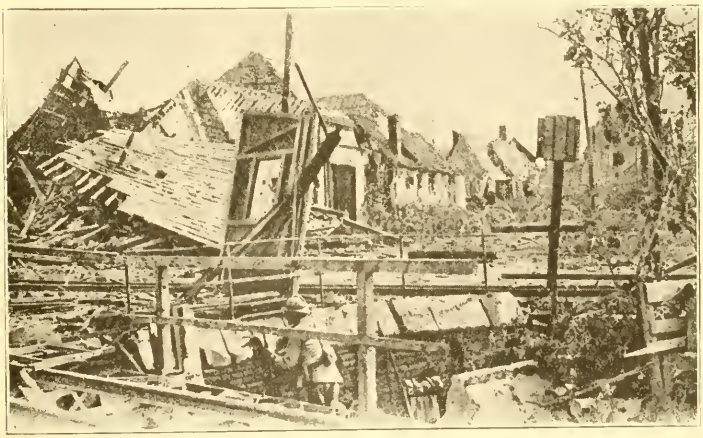
forces can and will go through, never stopping until Berlin is reached and the Kaiser and his military clique brought to book.

Thousands upon thousands of airplanes and air fighters are needed for this; munitions in such quantities as were never produced before must be turned out.

We owe it to the million or more sons over there, to the millions of mothers and fathers who sent them, not only to make the army one of several millions but to bend our every resource and energy at home toward winning this war and ending it speedily. We must send over enough soldiers and munitions so as to leave no question whatever as to the outcome.

Every citizen must realize this; every worker in mill or plant must know that our fighters over there cannot win unless furnished with the materials.

Every hour is precious. The soldiers at the front must be on duty all the time; the workers at home should be no less faithful to their tasks here. It means the lives of their sons, brothers, chums and friends who have gone across. It means the life and honor and future of our nation.



Somewhat damaged, but still holding the line of defense. This soldier can be seen in the trench, and we can get an idea of the varying conditions under which the soldiers live and fight.

Propaganda

Germany is fighting the war with her printing presses as well as with her guns.

The German propaganda work has been thorough and extensive, and, to a great extent, effective.

There is nothing that Germany has done quite so thoroughly as to advertise her thoroughness—this with a view of creating a feeling of awe toward her among other nations. But, while Germany is and has been thorough in many ways, she has done nothing and can do nothing that cannot be matched and more than matched by other nations.

In a building in London are four thousand girls and men, going through mail matter of all sorts, looking for German propaganda, and finding much of it. It comes in all sorts of forms; papers, booklets, magazines, bound volumes of books, post cards, and the like.

In one room in this building sixty girls handle 14,000 pounds of mail a day. In another room eighty men deal with a hundred and fifty-seven different languages and dialects.

In still another room are samples of various books sent out by Germany as propaganda. There are 2,000 volumes, nicely bound, sent out as works on art, science, literature and nearly all other subjects in which men and women are interested, but in reality German propaganda to the core. There are books with gold and red covers to appeal to the Turks, books for nearly every nation on earth, whether ally, neutral or enemy.

On a table in this same room, I saw W. J. Bryan's attack on England's treatment of India printed by Germany in twenty-seven different languages, still carrying Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State of the United States, all calculated to prejudice the world against England.

Through intrigue and propaganda, Germany accomplished in Russia that which she did not and could not accomplish with bullets and bayonets. Germany is still working among the Russians with force and persuasion hoping to get aid from them in her struggle.

Germany is working also among the people of South America, sending them not only printed matter, but cheap jewelry on which are kindly inscriptions regarding the Kaiser and members of his clique.

German propaganda covers almost every line of thought; racial questions come in for a great deal of attention. In Berlin one organization will take an incident and dish it up for the Irish; another organization will put its interpretation on the incident for the South American, or for the Hebrew, or the American; one set for Catholic, another for Protestant.

Need of American Propaganda.

American propaganda should be distributed in every way possible among the nations of the earth.

Our propaganda should not be of the deceptive sort used so freely by Germany, but should continue to be of that nature which gives the world to understand that America, man, woman and child, is back of the President when he says we are fighting a war not for gain, that we want neither territory nor indemnity, but are fighting to make the world a safe and decent place for future generations; fighting to stamp out that military spirit which has made German autocracy a menace to all civilization.

Keeping ourselves right and letting the world understand, without bragging or self-glorification, that we mean to do only that which is right and will quit only when right prevails will help much. This will bind our Allies closer to us and cannot be without its effect in Germany if we are persistent enough to get the real truth to the German people.

I do not mean to say that it is probable that this would make a break in Germany, but from what I have seen of German prisoners of war, I believe it is possible to make it harder for the Kaiser and his clique to keep his people in line, which means that it would be correspondingly easier for our men.

Propaganda work should in no way lead to a let up in the material preparation, but should increase it.

America should get good and ready to give Germany the whipping of her history, and not stop until Kaiserism and the Kaiser's militarism are brought to their knees, submissive to the dictates of right and decency.

Common Sense Back of Censorship

We Americans have formed a habit of thinking that the Germans have some uncanny method of learning all about the Allied armies, and that to print a bit of news regarding men connected with the army doesn't make any difference, because the Germans know all about it anyhow.

Germany gets her information about the Allied armies as she gets everything else, by working hard, thoroughly and persistently at it. And, unfortunately, she is helped a great deal by well-meaning and seemingly harmless items appearing in newspapers.

In one place in Switzerland there are 40 men at work early and late looking through American papers published in the smaller towns—seeking information for the German army.

At another place are more men working just as hard on papers of all descriptions, gleaning every column for bits of news that will throw light on the situation as regards the Allied armies.

At another place are perhaps more men working through technical journals and other publications seeking indications regarding the development of the fighting machinery of the Allies. The technical journals are a great source of information for the Germans.

In Holland, too, are forces of men at the same work, though of late the greatest activity has shifted to Switzerland.

These men develop marvelous accuracy in spotting even a brief item in a whole page. And when we are likely to fuss and fume over censorship, are inclined to say that it is imposed regardless of the feeling of fathers and mothers at home, we should remember that the sole object of the censor is to save life, and his task is done with regard to the safety of the son at the front.

Let us not forget for a minute that Germany is out to win this war by any means possible; that the more of our men and boys her soldiers can kill the better her rulers

like it. That is their game, to kill, kill, all the time; to press forward and kill more and more. And the more they know of our armies the more they are able to accomplish.

Our soldiers are not in Europe on a picnic or a frolic; they are there on a serious business—the most serious business ever faced by any people on this globe. The business involves more lives than ever hung in the balance before.

Then, with the millions involved, what difference does it make if the devoted mother and father at home, who have given up a son, know where that son is, and the home paper, be it large or small, prints an item, telling the neighbors about it? Why deprive them of the crumb of comfort that comes with knowledge?

Let us suppose the son belongs to a certain regiment, and that a certain paper reports him well or otherwise, at a given point.

Surely no harm in that! But isn't there?

Suppose up to this time the Germans had not known that the regiment was at that given point. The paper finds its way to the Mexican border, or to some South American point, then to Spain; then it is easy so far as getting to Switzerland goes.

The item is soon picked out of this paper there, and immediately German army officials know another regiment has been added; they know where it is located and provide accordingly—with a cost of lives to America and her allies.

Suppose Germany believed that only one brigade was at a given point, and the clipping experts should find in a paper that one man of the 9th was hurt there; in another paper that another man of the 16th was hurt there; in another that another man of the 27th was hurt there. These clippings are brought together, and immediately Germany knows there are at least three brigades there instead of one, and provides accordingly, eventually costing the lives of some of the men.

Remote! Would you say?

Not at all. Germany hasn't these hundreds of men combing the papers of the allied countries for nothing.

Many a life has paid the penalty of well-meant and seemingly harmless newspaper items.

And we are likely to complain because our sons cannot send home more information as to their whereabouts and doings. They need the backing and encouragement of the home folk, and to keep up our spirit and enthusiasm we should be told more, is the plea.

Yes, ours is a hardship, the hardship of uncertainty, but the sons are the ones who suffer the real hardships, whose lives are at stake, and should we add to their danger that we might bring to ourselves greater peace of mind? Should we not be the ones to lend encouragement, to do all we can at home as the sons of America and the Allies are doing all they can in camps and at the front?

A French soldier knew from preparations that were being made that certain army movements were contemplated as a surprise on the Germans. He wrote a letter to his parents about it. That letter did not have a chance of getting by the censor, but before he had an opportunity of trying to mail it he was captured in a small raid by the Germans. They got the letter, and as a result, when they saw great battalions of blue-helmeted French soldiers moving in a certain direction, they knew what it meant, met it, and at the cost of many French lives as well as their own, prevented what might have been a surprise attack and a victory.

So long as England published her casualty list in the manner she did at the beginning of the war, Germany had easy picking in locating British forces. If a captain in a certain regiment was injured in a certain place Germany knew the regiment was there. If an officer in another regiment was injured there, Germany knew his regiment was there too. So Germany kept track of a great many regiments by watching the casualty lists.

When England altered the manner of publishing these lists, Germany issued a statement saying that this very good means of locating British troops had been stopped They then began studying the provincial papers, and risking and losing lives in raids to get information which had come easily before.

Newspapers in America should be as careful about publishing facts regarding the British and French armies as about our own, for they are all fighting together in a common cause, their interests and perils being identical.

The four great cardinal principles that should be observed are:

Do not tell what you are going to do.

Do not tell where your forces are.

Do not tell the strength of your forces.

Do not tell the composition of your forces.

These facts can be and often are disclosed by locating a single individual either dead or alive, often revealed by an unguarded statement.

Our mothers and fathers should console themselves with this one thought: "It is better to have our sons safe and add to their safety than to know exactly where they are."

To be sure, one feels that no harm could come from a letter written by a son to his mother. Surely not if it could be made certain that the letter would reach the mother only. But there is a wide space between the French front and the American home, and letters pass through many hands and sometimes go astray. So the censor has to treat every letter as though it were going to fall into German hands and he must see to it that there is nothing passed that would give valuable information to the enemy. This is not done to punish anybody, much less the mother or son, but solely to protect the son.

To be sure one can hear instances of what is regarded as poor judgment by censors. Investigation often reveals the fact that perhaps the censor showed better judgment than the man who complained.

One instance is shown in the case of a newspaper man who complained because his article was held up 40 days before being released. That was because it was 40 days before conditions were such that his article could do no harm. Time killed much of the value of his story; time also made for the safety of the soldiers involved.

Yet there are no doubt instances of bad judgment being used by individual censors out of the large numbers employed. That must be true in all human efforts. Everything human has its mistakes, and the censorship no doubt has its, but if there are errors they might better be on the side of safety.

It is up to the civilian to adjust himself to the war, its requirements and hardships. We are often inclined to say, "If the army wants our support, it must do this or that," as

though the army had gone to war for fun or as a personal proposition of gain.

It is for us to remember that the army is a part of our national being, that it has gone to war for us, to protect our country and our interests, and that when we render it support we are not making it a gift of anything.

We are rendering only a small part of what we actually owe the army, and to give it support short of anything to the utmost of our ability is to shirk our duty, to neglect a sacred obligation; and if we cannot learn all that we would know about it, it is for us not to whine but to face the disappointment with the same fortitude that our sons face the enemy at the front.

It is for us, too, to use every hour of our time, every bit of our energy, every dollar at our command that the boys at the front may be provided with weapons and munitions with which to make sure and speedy the victory that must come.

PERONNE (Somme)

A view in one of the main streets. This shows a city as the Germans left it after the first battle of the Somme. Peronne is again in the hands of the Germans. This shows the general condition of the cities they fought to regain.

IN ARRAS

German bombardment produced scenes like this in every city along the line of battle front in Belgium and in France. In many cities not a single building escaped damage.

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